

MARVEL
TEAM-UP

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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MARVEL TEAM-UP

FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN AND THE X-MEN

THEY'RE BACK!
IN A L L N I W
ALL-GREAT ACTION!

THIS TIME
YOU PUSHED
US TOO
FAR, WALL-
CRAWLER!

NO, SCOTT!
DON'T BLAST
HIM--NOT NOW--
OR HE'LL FALL
TO HIS
DEATH!!

TOO LATE, LADY!
SCRATCH ONE
SPIDER-MAN!!

THE MARK OF THE MUTANTS!

SPIDEY AND THE X-MEN..TOGETHER!

DREAMS: THE STUFF THAT A BARD'S POEMS AND A LOVER'S NIGHTS ARE MADE OF--!

DREAMS: ONE-THIRD OF OUR NATURAL LIFESPAN, COVERED BY THE GRACIOUS CLOTH WE NAME SLEEP--

--YET FOR SOME OF US, THOSE RESTING HOURS ARE LESS THAN GENTLE, THE CLOTH ROUGH AND HARSH--!

FOR SOME OF US-- AS FOR THE FEVERED YOUTH NAMED PETER PARKER--

--THOSE DREAMS ARE NIGHTMARES!

NO!
NO!

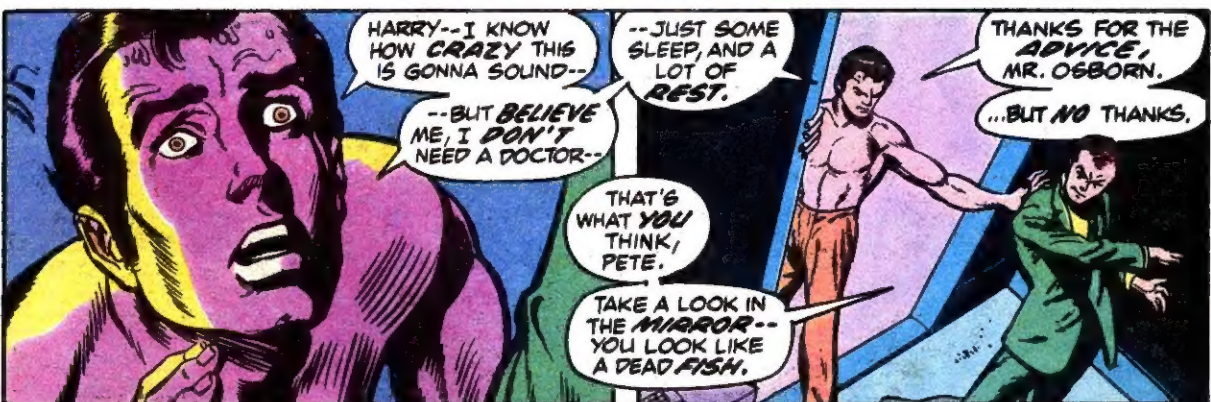
STAY BACK!
DON'T TOUCH ME--KEEP AWAAAAAYYY!

AND THEN..THE X-MEN!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
GERRY CONWAY, SCRIPTER

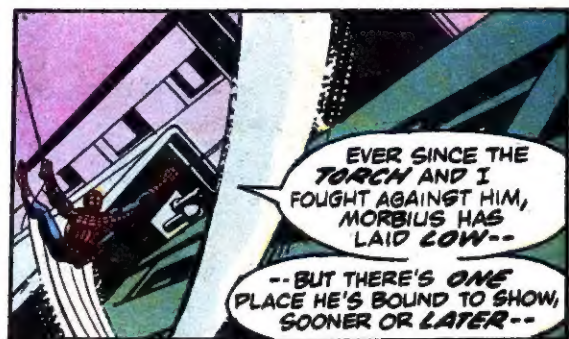
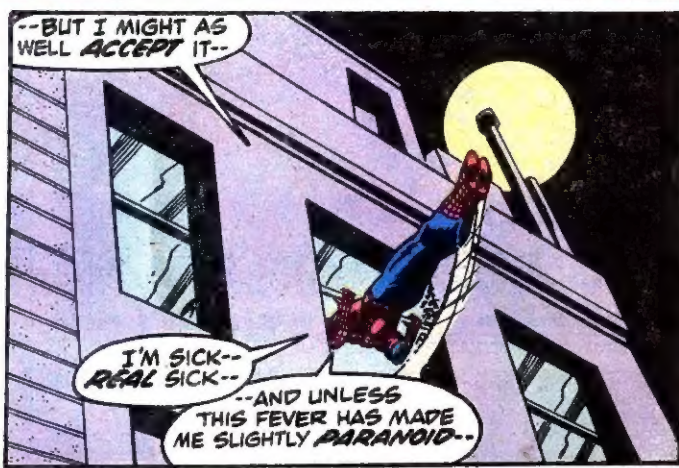
GIL KANE, PENCILLER
STEVE MITCHELL, INKER
JON COSTANZA, LETTERER

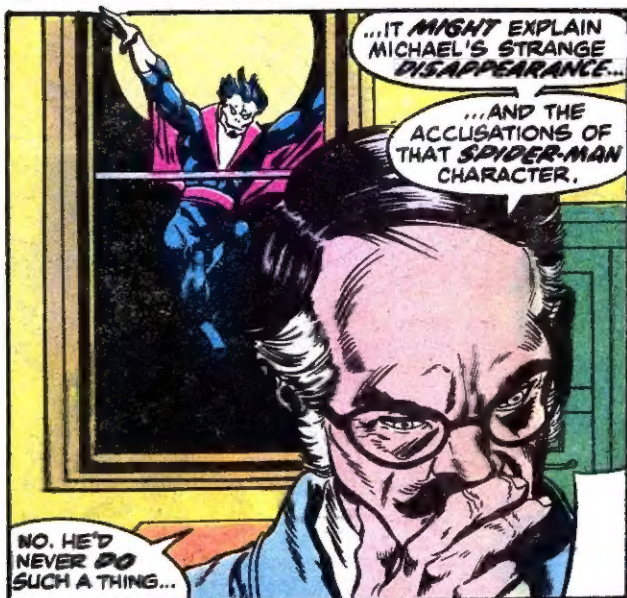
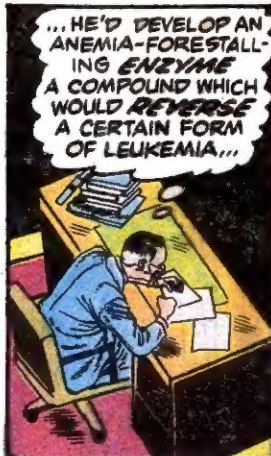
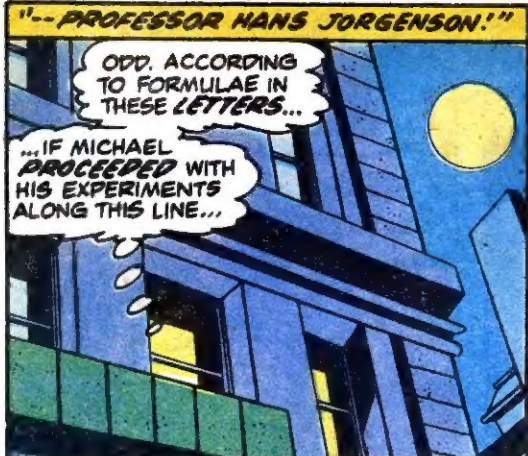
ROY THOMAS,
EDITOR





...THAT HIS WILD AND RETIRING ROOMMATE...



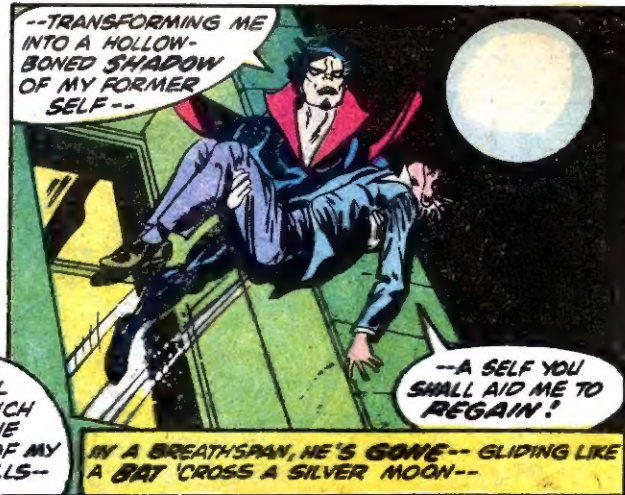




I'M ABSCONDING WITH YOU, HANS, OLD FRIEND.

IT APPEARS YOU'VE REDISCOVERED THE ORIGINS OF MY LIFE-GIVING ENZYME--

--THE BIOLOGICAL CHEMICAL WHICH REVERSED THE DETERIORATION OF MY WHITE BLOOD CELLS--



--TRANSFORMING ME INTO A HOLLOW-BONED SHADOW OF MY FORMER SELF--

--A SELF YOU SHALL AID ME TO REGAIN!

IN A BREATHSPAN, HE'S GONE-- GLIDING LIKE A BAT 'ROSS A SILVER MOON--



--WHILE BELOW, BRIEF MOMENTS BEFORE--

KRAK!

LANDSAKES ALIVE! WHATEVER HAS GOTTEN INTO THAT NICE OLD PROFESSOR JORGENSEN?

PEOPLE COMING AND GOING AT ALL HOURS--



--BODY CAN'T HARDLY READ WITHOUT SOMETHING GOING ON!



GUESS THERE'S NO HELPING IT.

I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A TALK WITH THE PROFESSOR... RIGHT NOW!



JUST YOUR LUCK, PARKER.

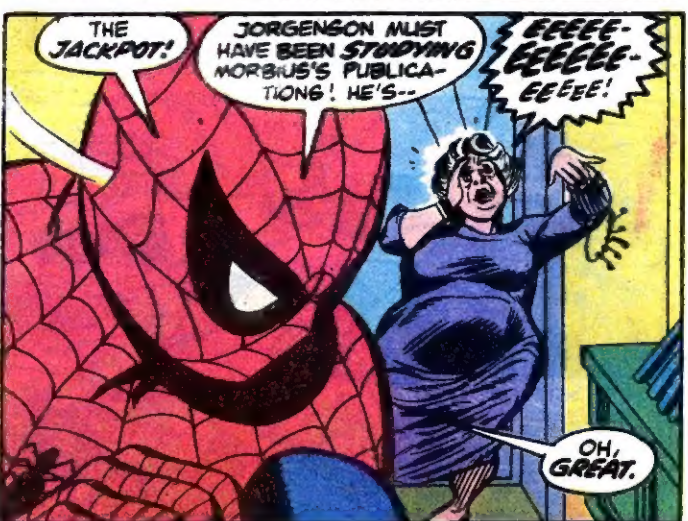
LOOKS LIKE THERE'S NOBODY HOME. HEY... WAITASECOND...



...EITHER THE PROFESSOR'S LOST HIS HOUSE-KEEPER...

...OR SOMEBODY'S BEEN THROUGH HERE WITH A MINOR WHIRLWIND.

THOSE PAPERS... NOTES?



THE JACKPOT!

JORGENSEN MUST HAVE BEEN STUDYING MORBIUS'S PUBLICATIONS! HE'S--

EEEE-EEEE-EEEE!

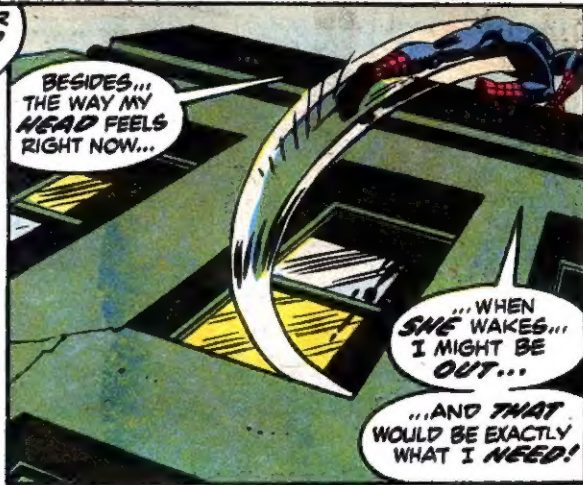


OH, GREAT.



MAYBE IF I **WANT** TILL SHE COMES AROUND...

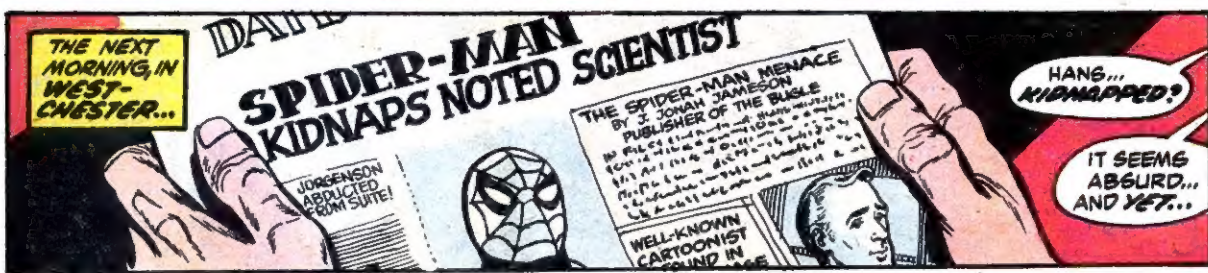
UH-UH, SHE'D NEVER **BELIEVE** ME...AND NEITHER WOULD THE **POLICE**.



BESIDES... THE WAY MY **HEAD** FEELS RIGHT NOW...

...WHEN **SHE** WAKES... I MIGHT BE **OUT**...

...AND **THAT** WOULD BE EXACTLY WHAT I **NEED**!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN **WEST-CHESTER**...

SPIDER-MAN KIDNAPS NOTED SCIENTIST

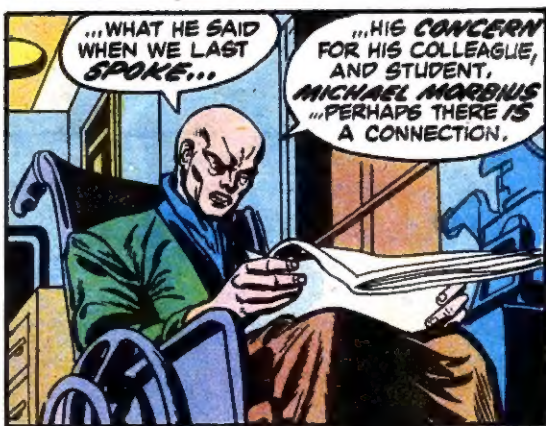
JORGENSEN ABDUCTED FROM SUITE!

THE SPIDER-MAN MENACE BY J. JONAH JAMESON PUBLISHER OF THE BUSLE

WELL-KNOWN CARTOONIST FOUND IN...

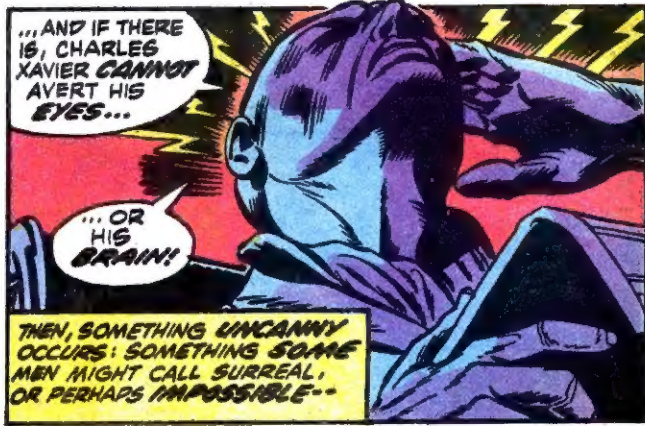
HANG... **KIDNAPPED?**

IT SEEMS **ABSDURD**... AND **YET**...



...WHAT HE SAID WHEN WE LAST **SPOKE**...

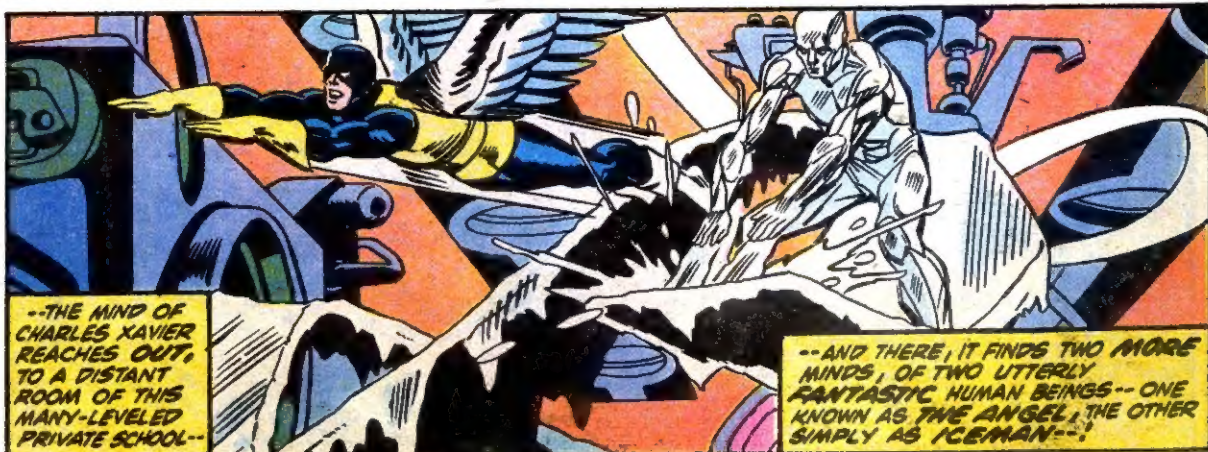
...HIS **CONCERN** FOR HIS COLLEAGUE, AND STUDENT, **MICHAEL MORBIUS**...PERHAPS THERE IS A **CONNECTION**.



...AND IF THERE IS, **CHARLES XAVIER CANNOT** AVERT HIS **EYES**...

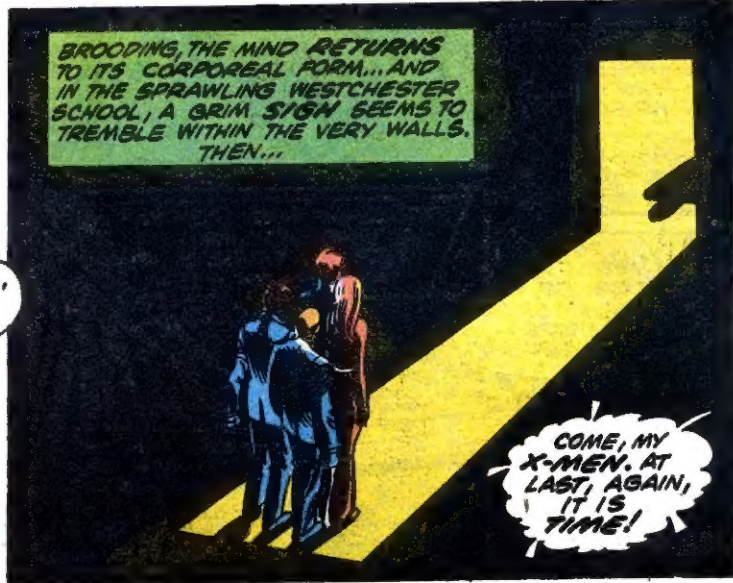
...OR HIS **BRAIN**!

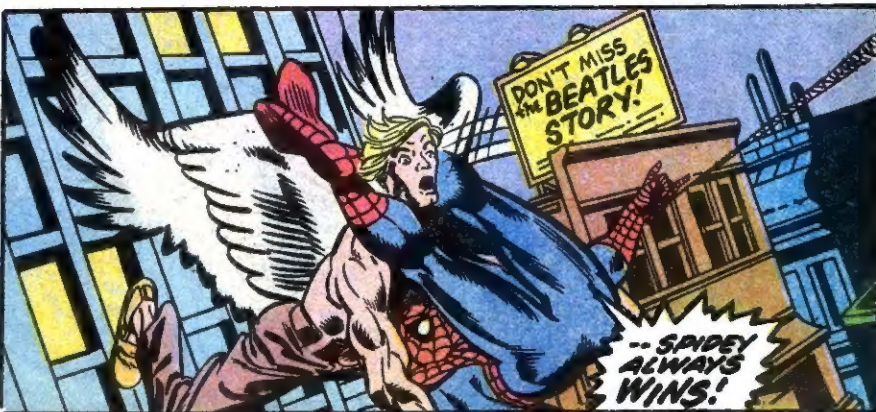
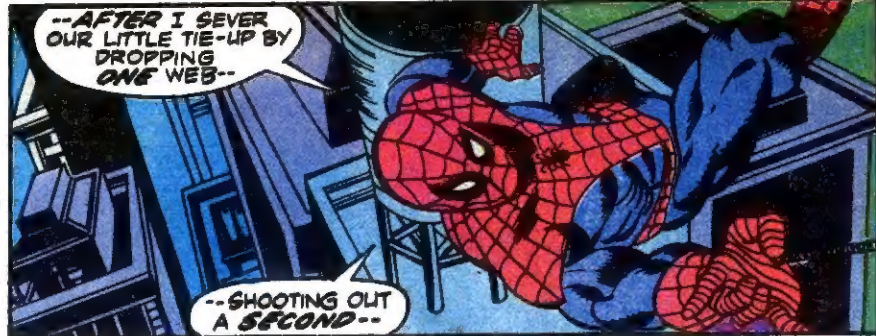
THEN, SOMETHING **UNCANNY** OCCURS: SOMETHING **SOME** MEN MIGHT CALL **SURREAL**, OR PERHAPS **IMPOSSIBLE**--

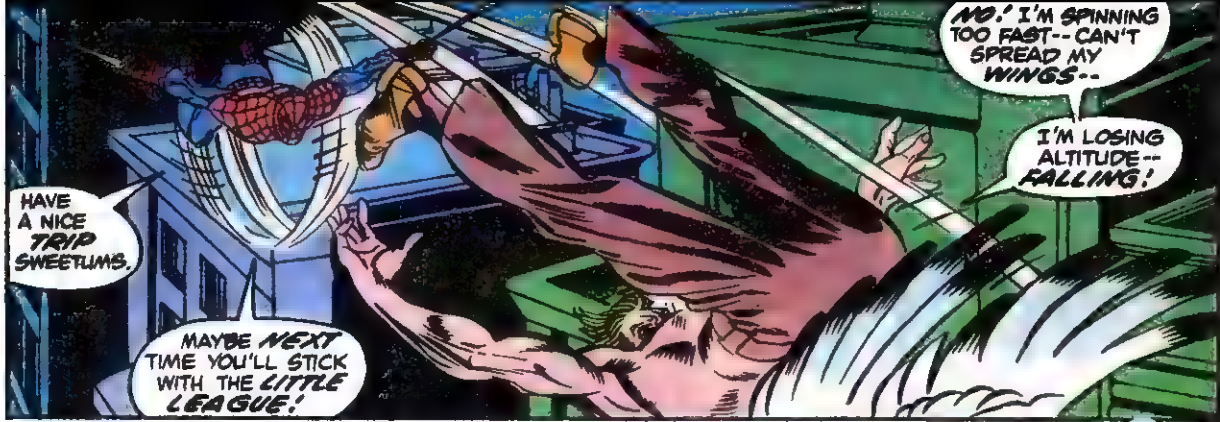


--THE MIND OF **CHARLES XAVIER** REACHES **OUT**, TO A **DISTANT** ROOM OF THIS MANY-LEVELLED **PRIVATE SCHOOL**--

--AND THERE, IT FINDS TWO **MORE** MINDS, OF TWO **UTTERLY** **FANTASTIC** HUMAN BEINGS-- ONE KNOWN AS **THE ANGEL**, THE OTHER SIMPLY AS **ICEMAN**--!





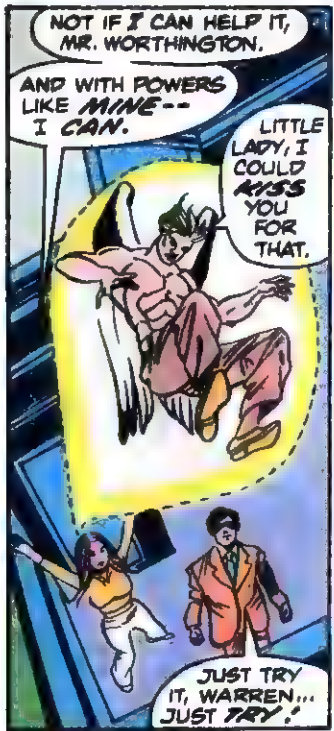


HAVE
A NICE
TRIP
SWEETUMS.

MAYBE NEXT
TIME YOU'LL STICK
WITH THE LITTLE
LEAGUE!

NO! I'M SPINNING
TOO FAST-- CAN'T
SPREAD MY
WINGS--

I'M LOSING
ALTITUDE--
FALLING!

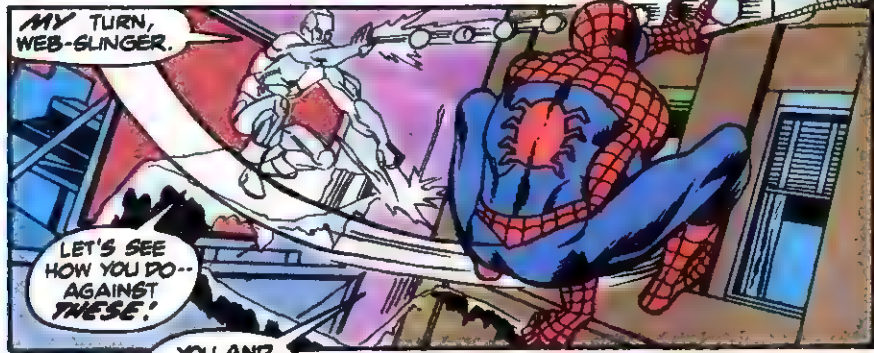


NOT IF I CAN HELP IT,
MR. WORTHINGTON.

AND WITH POWERS
LIKE MINE--
I CAN.

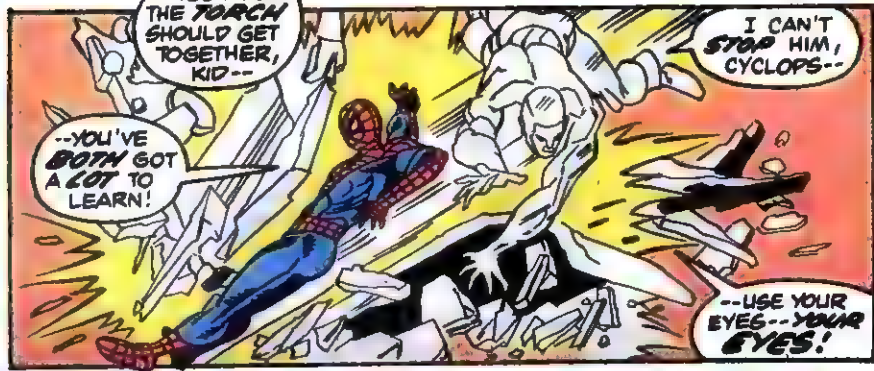
LITTLE
LADY, I
COULD
KISS
YOU
FOR
THAT.

JUST TRY
IT, WARREN!!!
JUST TRY!!



MY TURN,
WEB-SLINGER.

LET'S SEE
HOW YOU DO--
AGAINST
THESE!



YOU AND
THE TORCH
SHOULD GET
TOGETHER,
KID--

--YOU'VE
BOTH GOT
A LOT TO
LEARN!

I CAN'T
STOP HIM,
CYCLOPS--

--USE YOUR
EYES-- YOUR
EYES!

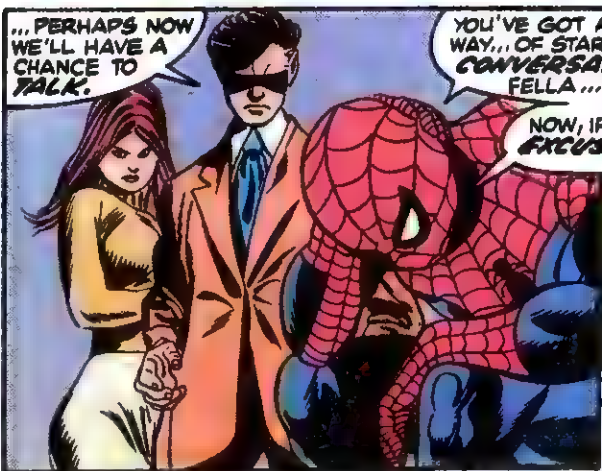
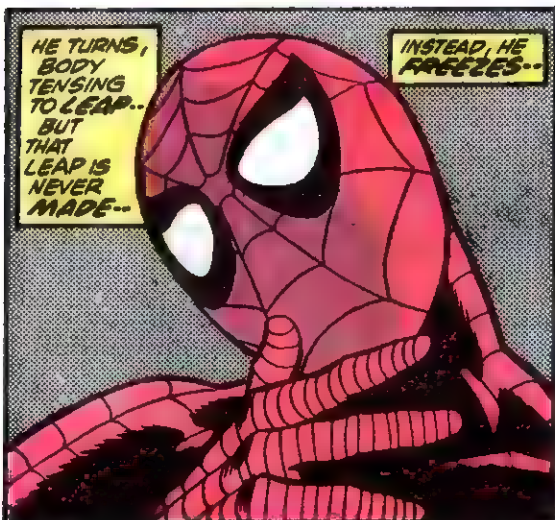
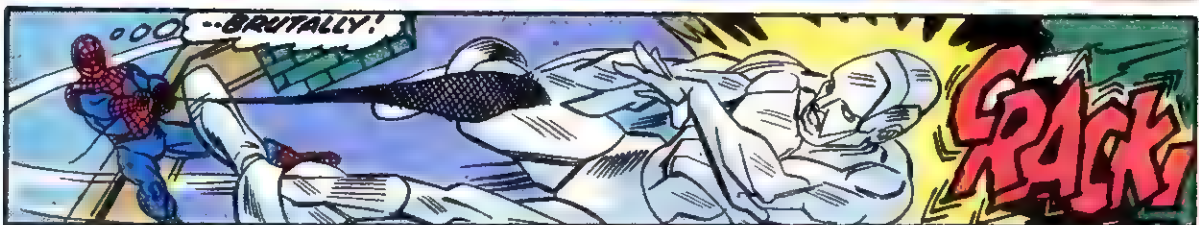
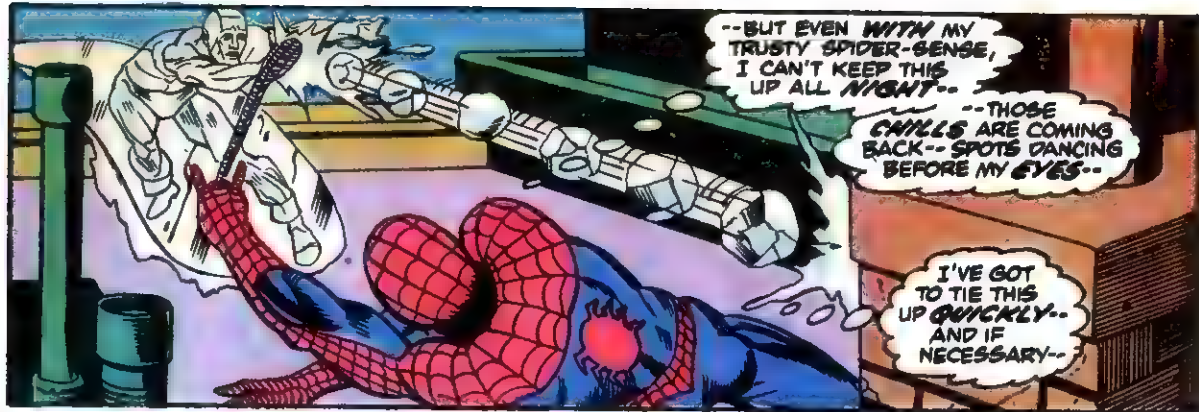


IT'S NOT
WORKING,
SCOTT--

--HE KEEPS
DODGING,
ALMOST AS
THOUGH HE COULD
SMELL EACH
BLAST BEFORE
IT STRUCK!

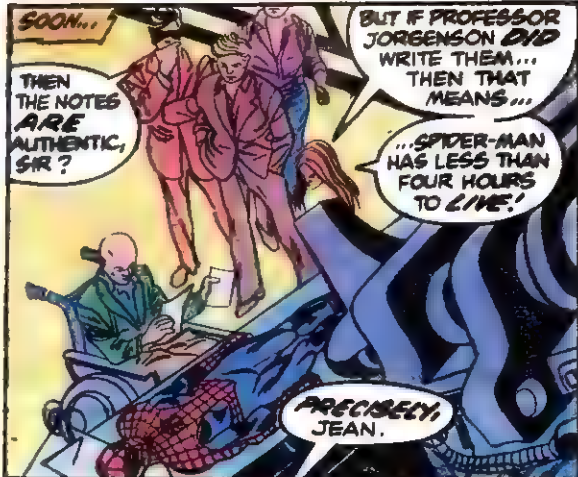


LADY, YOU
SAID IT--!





DON'T THINK IT, PROFESSOR. I GUESS WE'VE ALL GOT THE SAME IDEA. WE'LL GET HIM BACK TO YOU... **ARONTO.**

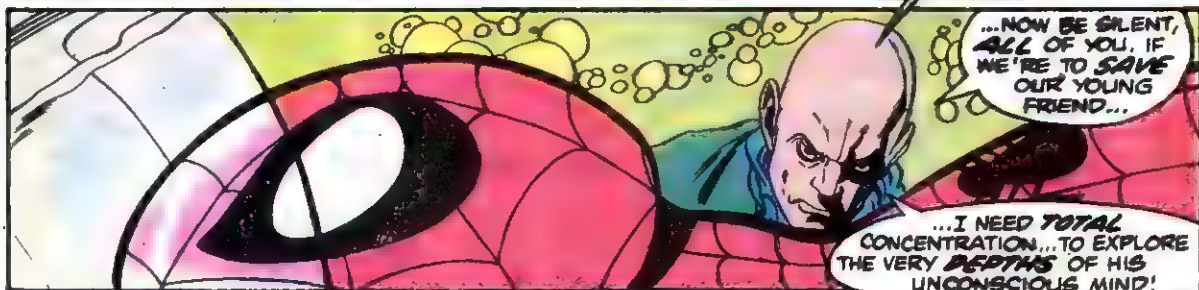


SOON...
THEN THE NOTES **ARE** AUTHENTIC, SR?

BUT IF PROFESSOR JORGENSEN **DID** WRITE THEM... THEN THAT MEANS...

...SPIDER-MAN HAS LESS THAN FOUR HOURS TO LIVE!

PRECISELY, JEAN.



...NOW BE SILENT, ALL OF YOU. IF WE'RE TO **SAVE** OUR YOUNG FRIEND...

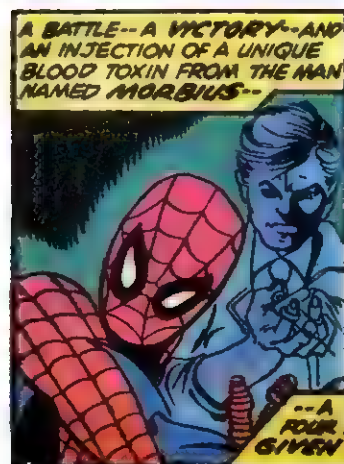
...I NEED **TOTAL** CONCENTRATION...TO EXPLORE THE VERY **DEPTHS** OF HIS UNCONSCIOUS MIND!



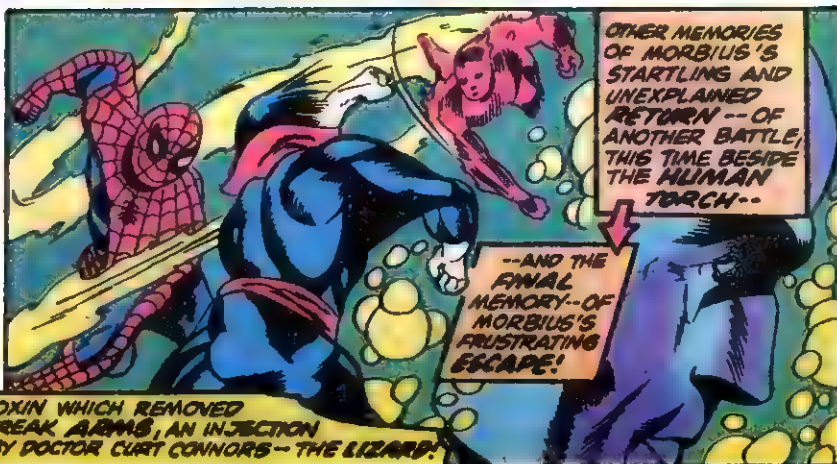
SILENCE: LAYER BY LAYER, THE MAN KNOWN AS PROFESSOR X DELVES THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF A HUMAN MIND...

IN THAT DARKNESS, HE FINDS **VISIONS...**

--GRIM SNATCHES OF ANOTHER MAN'S **MEMORY--**



A BATTLE--A VICTORY--AND AN INJECTION OF A UNIQUE BLOOD TOXIN FROM THE MAN NAMED **MORBIUS--**



OTHER MEMORIES OF MORBIUS'S STARTLING AND UNEXPLAINED RETURN -- OF ANOTHER BATTLE, THIS TIME BESIDE THE **HUMAN TORCH--**

--AND THE **FINAL** MEMORY--OF MORBIUS'S FRUSTRATING **ESCAPE!**

--A TOXIN WHICH REMOVED FOUR FREAK ARMS, AN INJECTION GIVEN BY DOCTOR CURT CONNORS-- THE **LIZARD!**

THE MEMORIES COME TO CHARLES XAVIER AS
THOUGH THEY WERE HIS OWN, AND WHEN THE
PROBE ENDS--THEY PAINFULLY REMAIN!

MY FRIENDS--
WE HAVE MADE
AN ALMOST
TRAGIC
MISTAKE!

MICHAEL
MORBIUS
IS OUR
ENEMY--

--NOT
SPIDER-
MAN!

AFTER A
BRIEF
RESUME...

...AND SO THAT
TORTURED YOUTH
WILL DIE...AND DIE
HORRIBLY...IF
CERTAIN ADJUST-
MENTS ARE NOT MADE
TO THE TOXIN IN HIS
BLOOD!

THEREFORE,
MORBIUS MUST
BE FOUND...

...FOR, WHERE
YOU FIND
MICHAEL MORBIUS...



"...THERE
ALSO
WILL YOU
FIND HANS
JORGENSEN."

THE OLD
FOOL! WAS
HE SO WEAK--
A SIMPLE
BLOW STUNS
HIM SO
EASY?

ALMOST, I AM
TEMPTED...

TWO DAYS
SINCE LAST I
FEASTED-- BUT NO!

I NEED
JORGENSEN.

ONCE, I WOULD HAVE
USED HIM TO RETURN ME TO MY
FORMER EXISTENCE... BUT NO MORE.

HUNGER BRINGS
ME SANITY,
I THINK...

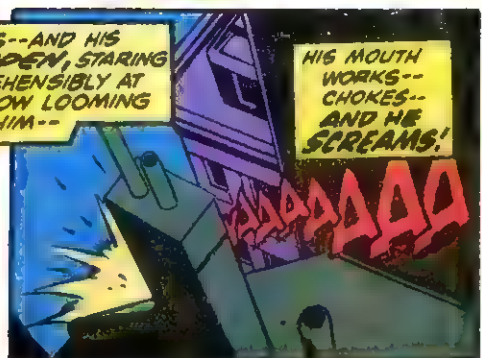
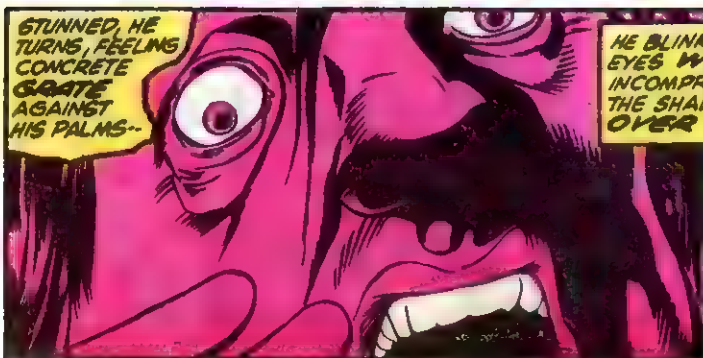
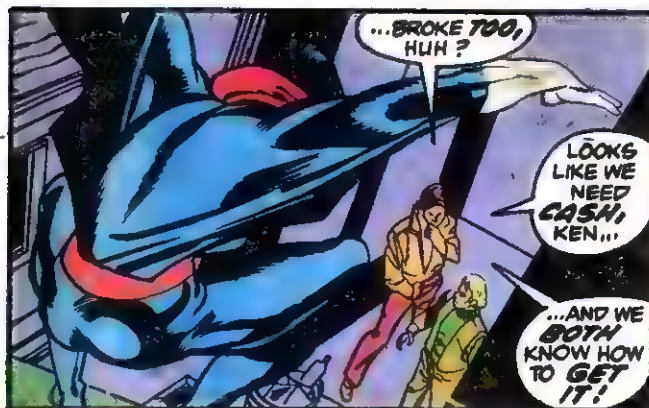
I WEARY OF
HAVING ONLY
HALF A
LIFE TO LIVE...

...I TIRE
OF SPENDING
MY DAYS IN A
TRANCE-LIKE
REST...

...WITH ONLY
MY NIGHTS
TO GIVE TO
HUNTING!

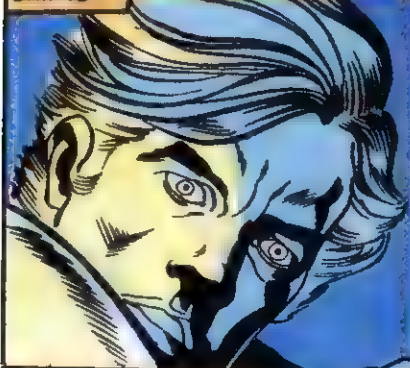
JORGENSEN WILL
HELP ME CHANGE
THAT...

HE WILL
HELP...OR
HE WILL
DIE!





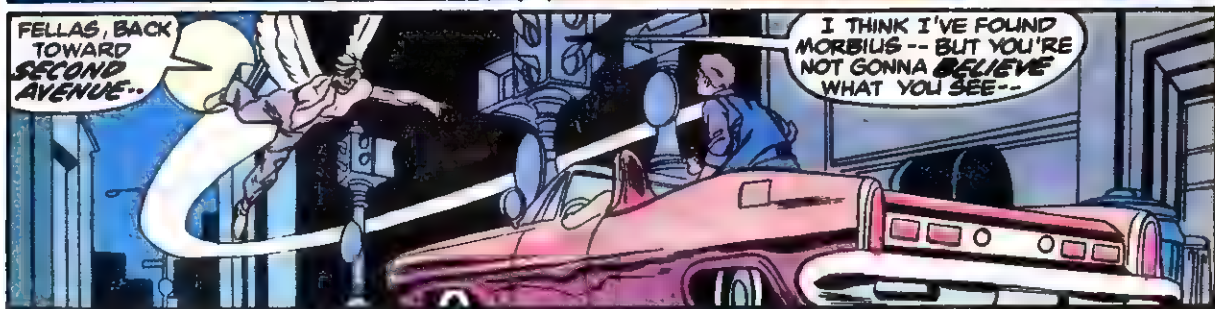
LIKE A CLOUD ACROSS THE MOON,
THE MUTANT ANGEL BOYS AND
SHIFTS--



HE GLANCES BACK--
DOWN INTO THE ALLEY
BELOW. HIS EYES HARDEN--

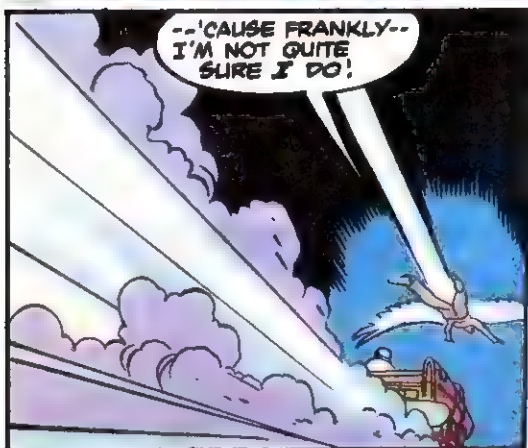


--AND HE
SWINGS
AWAY!

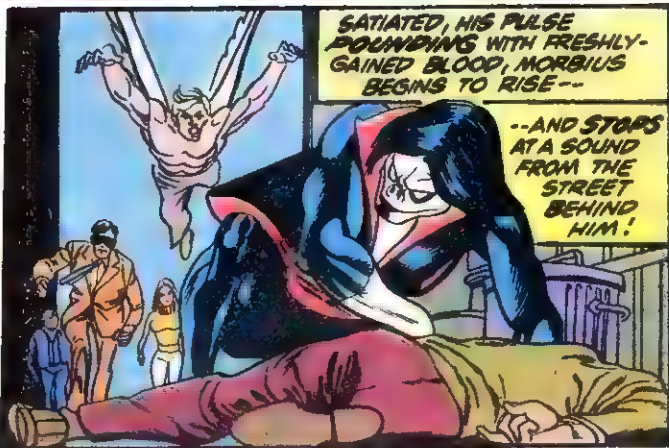


FELLAS, BACK
TOWARD
SECOND
AVENUE--

I THINK I'VE FOUND
MORBIUS -- BUT YOU'RE
NOT GONNA BELIEVE
WHAT YOU SEE--



--'CAUSE FRANKLY--
I'M NOT QUITE
SURE I DO!



SATIATED, HIS PULSE
POUNDING WITH FRESHLY-
GAINED BLOOD, MORBIUS
BEGINS TO RISE--

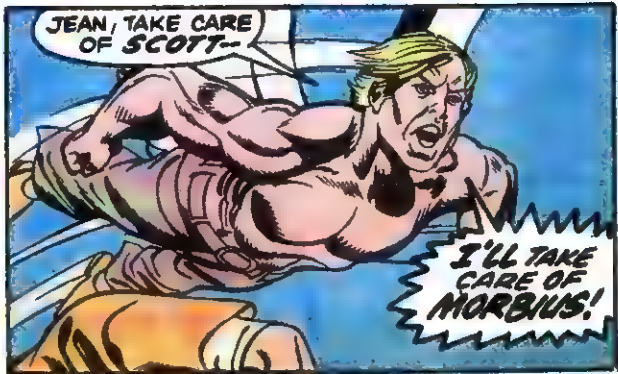
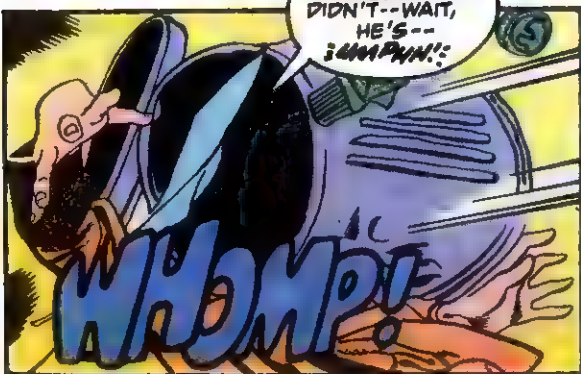
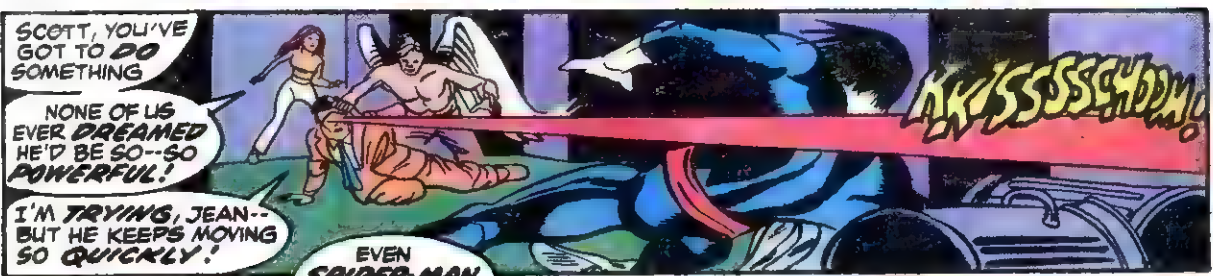
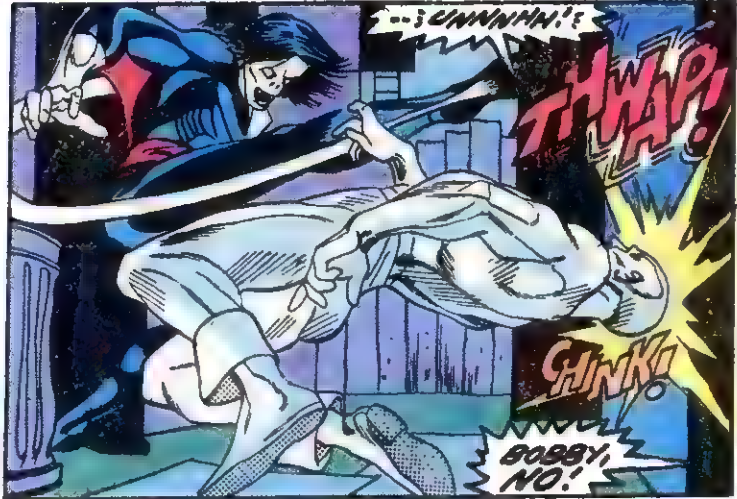
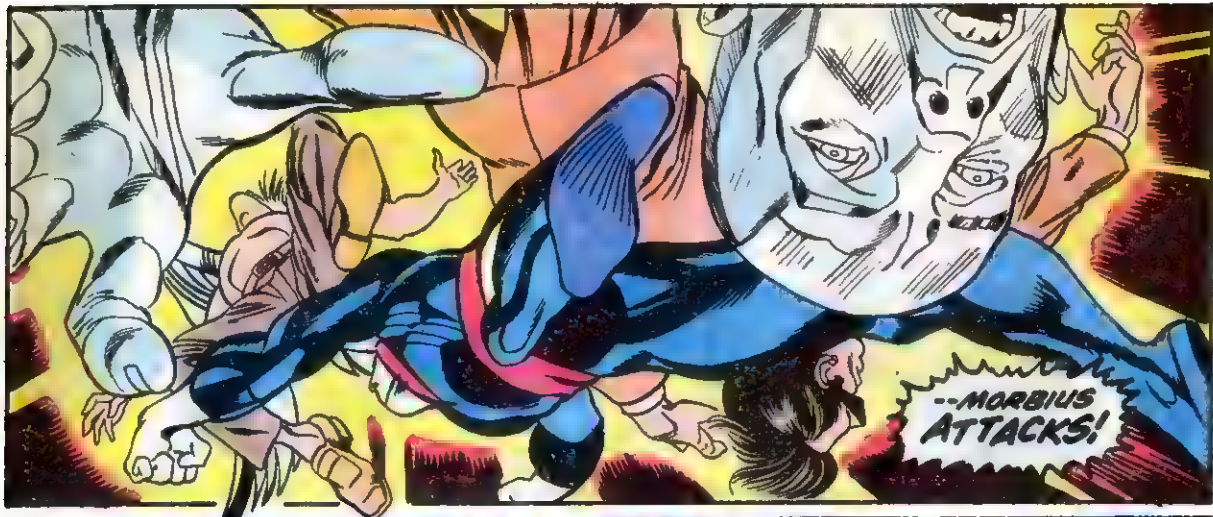
--AND STOPS
AT A SOUND
FROM THE
STREET
BEHIND
HIM!

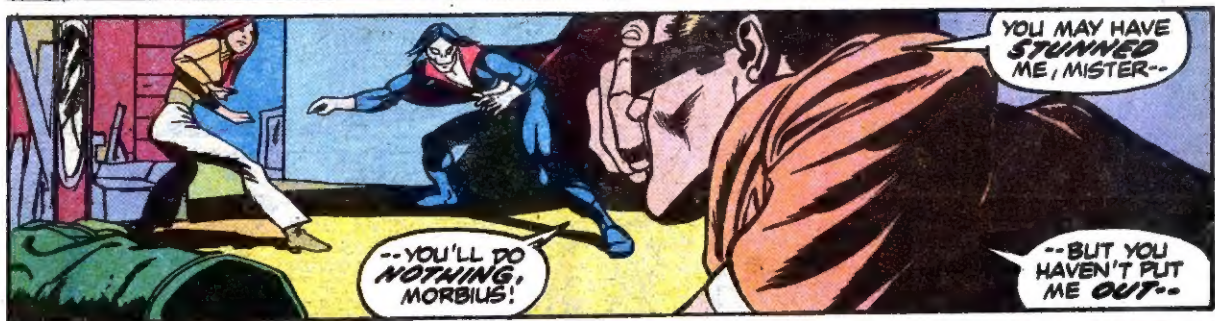
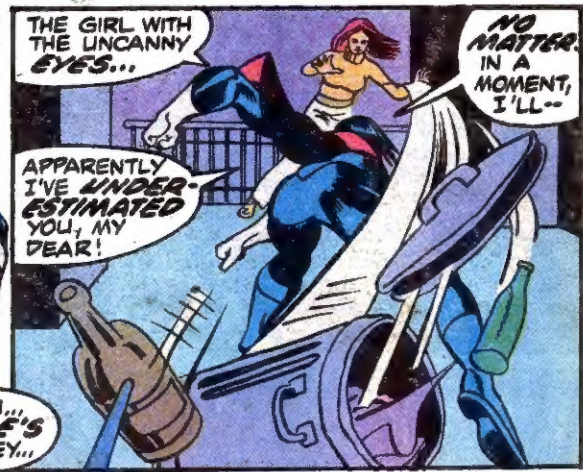


SOMETHING IN HIS
PINK-STAINED EYES
HALTS THE
APPROACHING
X-MEN--

SOMETHING IN THE SNARL
WITH WHICH HE GREET
THEM SENDS A SUDDEN
CHILL THROUGH THEIR
SPINES --

HE'S MAD...HOPELESSLY, IRREVOC-
ABLY INSANE! THE PRESSURE--
THE INHUMAN STRAIN HAS TAKEN
ITS TOLL...AND SO, BEFORE THE
STARTLED MUTANTS CAN GATHER
THEMSELVES--





AS YOU'VE NO DOUBT NOTICED, I AM A DESPERATE MAN.

DESPERATION ADDS STRENGTH TO MY ALREADY POWERFUL GRIP...

...ENOUGH STRENGTH, I THINK, TO CRUSH ANY RESISTANCE... MY DARLING.

DON'T LISTEN, SCOTT...

OH, DO LISTEN, SCOTT... IF YOU EVER WISH TO HOLD HER IN YOUR ARMS AGAIN.

I'M NOT A MAN TO PLAY WITH BLUFFS...

...I MEAN WHAT I SAY.

SO DO I, MORBIUS.

...AND AS I TOLD YOU, I'M NOT QUITE FINISHED...

KILL! SPTANG!

...NOT QUITE AT ALL!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, JEAN...

IT'S OVER. IT'S OVER.

YOU SAID IT, MR. SUMMERS.

WE'VE GOT MORBIUS... BUT NOW HOW DO WE FIND PROFESSOR JORGENSEN?

SLEEPING BEAUTY'LL BE OUT FOR HOURS!

A QUIET, BOBBY. THERE IS A WAY... DANGEROUS, PERHAPS... BUT EFFECTIVE.

PROFESSOR X!

